

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

THE TRUST AND WEATHER WORK TOGETHER

To Destroy the Nebraska Industry—Our Own Fault if They Do—Home Industry Must Be Practiced as Well as Preached—Present Condition and Its Causes.

The business men's excursion to the sugar factory at Norfolk on Friday last had far more than the usual significance of such events, not only in the representative character of its make-up, but in the nature of the trip itself. It was in fact nothing short of a practical endeavor to solve the question whether "home industry" is ever to mean more than a pretty phrase that sounds very well at banquets and public meetings, but has little force with the merchant and householder who are the most potent factors in the development of the real idea conveyed by it.

It is useless to argue that such a prejudice is unreasonable and let it go at that for any great progress would have to be made in the belief of the most people, and it needed just such an optical demonstration as has just been made to convince the press and the merchant first and through them, as the great element, the farmer, that whatever failures any of the Nebraska sugar may have had in its early days it is not today excelled—or always equalled—by the output of the great refineries on the three coasts.

Nothing, however, could be more absurd than to insist that it bears the same relation to the cane product that oleomargarine does to butter, in short that it is an inferior article, has a "vegetable taste," etc. The quality is concerned it needed a half hour at the Norfolk factory, watching the brown "masse culte" spun quickly into white sugar and still moist conveyed to the granulator there to be dried, screened, and then whirled like driven snow into the gaping mouths of the sacks, to convince every man who took part in Friday's outing that nothing could be finer in grain or color than Nebraska sugar, as the following resolutions drawn up at the meeting attest:

"Whereas, We are now producing only about one-fourth the quantity of sugar consumed by its citizens, it follows that there is yet vast opportunity for the investment of capital before the measure of our production reaches that of our consumption. We recognize the power of our jobs and we encourage this industry by giving the home product the preference, all things being equal, and we solicit their good offices in bringing about this beneficial result."

With such a preamble there is no doubt that the retailer will henceforth have his mind impressed very forcibly by the jobbers as to his obligations in the furtherance of an industry with which he is allied so closely and it only remains for him to do his share in his capacity of supplying the consumer with the product of Nebraska enterprise. As for the consumers themselves they owe it to their state—everything else being equal, as it certainly is—to use Nebraska sugar and if it is not furnished them to insist upon its being supplied. In regard to the present agricultural situation so many are the rumors prevailing that a slight review of the reasons is necessary to make an explanation of the causes that have led up to the present unfortunate condition of the beet crop. Briefly, owing to the beneficial rains that the state has passed last March which enabled the manufacturers to offer a straight price of \$5 per ton for the beets, the full complement of 4,000 acres was secured for each factory and although early in the summer there was some fear lest the crop might be reduced in volume through lack of sufficient moisture, any anxiety that existed on that score was relieved later on by abundant rains, so that on August 1, when the crop was laid by there was every reason to believe that the two plants would be able to start into operation very early in September and for the first time in their history have enough beets to meet a good run, say 40,000 to 50,000 tons for each point. With the coming of September, however, all plans were upset by a most unusual combination of weather, heavy rains being followed by unusually heavy cold, the result being that the early planting whose growth should have been checked by the first frosts, did not ripen but on the contrary started grow-

THE STAY-AT-HOME VOTE

Statistics of Interest Compiled by an Expert—A Precedent for Next Year.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The interpretation of election statistics has been developed into an interesting specialty by Frederick C. Waite, a statistician expert in the Department of Agriculture, who last night read to the National Statistical Association his fourth annual paper on the subject. He said: "Another tidal wave of disapproval has been recorded at the polls. Of the three great parties in the field two have received a very much smaller percentage of the total vote than in former years; while the third, the stay-at-home party, has made wonderful gains. For instance, in Pennsylvania the vote of the Democrats has fallen to 28.41 from 45.73 in 1888, that of the Republicans to 45.74 from 52.05 in 1888, while the vote of the stay-at-home party has increased to 61.00 from only 70.00 in 1888. In estimating the total vote—aliens, foreigners with first papers, criminals, paupers, etc., have been deducted from the male taxables, 21 years of over."

"In New York the stay-at-home vote has increased from 75.00 in 1888 to 185.00 in 1892, 425.00 in 1894, and 510.00 this year. Even in Kentucky it has increased from 55,000 in 1888 to 100,000 this year. In Massachusetts it has increased from 80,000 in 1888 to 100,000 in 1892 and 230,000 this year. In Ohio from 40,000 in 1888 to 115,000 in 1892 and to 180,000 this year. The increase in the stay-at-home vote has been scarcely less marked in other states.

"The election is the keyboard by which the citizens of a continent express and record their wishes—their hopes and their discontents—we must not expect to be able to comprehend the intricacy of its workings, except as we analyze the returns in the light of a half century or so of election statistics. Turning to the political complexion of American elections, you see that during the last twenty years, and also the twenty years ending with the breaking up of the Whig party, the Democrats carried every alternate presidential election, and yet were always defeated at the intervening presidential election. In other words, to the Democrats 1836 and 1876 brought victories at the polls; 1840 and 1880, defeats; 1844 and 1884, victories; 1848 and 1888, defeats; 1852 and 1892, victories. In explanation of these phenomena I may say the forces which in presidential elections result in the defeat of the party in power are two:

"First—The dissatisfaction with the party in power among the members of the party out of power is so great that they feel it to be their sacred duty to 'turn the rascals out.' On the other hand, the adherents of the party in power are so constantly being disappointed. They feel that they have not received anything like the care and recognition which was promised.

"Second—There is an inherent ebb and flow of enthusiasm among the adherents of a political party. Natural to the number of years from flood tide to flood tide of enthusiasm coincides with the periodicity of the cause which carries it to the maximum height, namely, storm of indignation against the high handed partisan misrule of their opponents."

A Knock-Out for Butterine.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 21.—There will be no more Silver Churn and Jersey butterine after the 1st of January next. A recent ruling of the Treasury department, which has just been received at the packing houses, practically knocks the word butterine out of the English language and declares that any brand that suggests a cow, a churn or a dairy shall not be used on the packing house substitute for butter. Hereafter, the packing house substitute for butter must be known only as oleomargarine, its original appellation, and in Missouri, moreover, it must be white, without any kind of coloring, for the Missouri farmer attended to that in the Legislature last winter.

Hold Up By Female Footpads.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Nov. 21.—William Tracey, a farmer, of Robins, was held up in the business part of Warrensburg last night by two colored women and relieved of \$170 cash. Tracey was intoxicated and the women had no trouble in taking the money from his inside pocket.

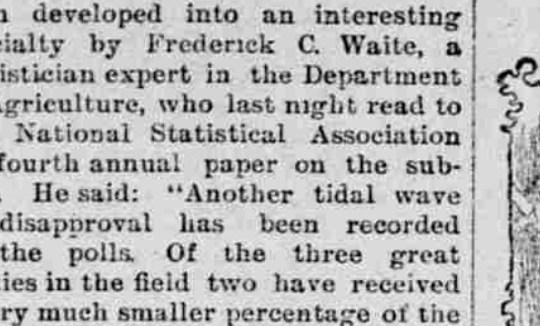
LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Quotations From New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha and Elsewhere.

Table with columns for location (OMAHA, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK) and various livestock/produce items (Butter, Eggs, Hogs, Sheep, etc.) with corresponding prices.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

The letter was written in a formal clerk's hand, dated from the Admiralty, and signed with a hieroglyph which was no doubt the autograph of some high official. It ran as follows: "Dear Sir: The Volunteer has brought intelligence that his majesty's ship Niobe, seventy-four, has put into the Cape of Good Hope to refit. She has lost her captain and first lieutenant overboard in a gale, and is reported severely damaged and short of all stores. The brig Speedwell has been loaded with the necessary material, and will take out an officer to bring the Niobe home. Captain Truscott, to whom this commission was offered, is at the last moment unable to sail. If you are in a position to take his place you will be good enough to start immediately for Mount's Bay, where the Speedwell was to put in on Thursday next. You will be carried as a free passenger to the Cape, where you will take over command of the Niobe; and for this purpose the present letter shall be a good and sufficient authority to the officer in charge to hand her over to you."

"In the event of your being unavoidably prevented from accepting you will be good enough to re-address and forward this letter to Captain Anderson at Portsmouth without delay." Dick read without understanding anything beyond the general purport of the letter, but he grasped clearly enough that Camilla was lost to him for many months at least. He roused himself to consider ways and means at once, and his eye fell upon the valise, which the messenger was still holding in his hand.

"To his surprise he recognized it as his own. 'Where did you get this?' he asked. 'From your house, sir,' replied the man. 'There's a uniform and a few things in it; it's his lordship's thought you might want, as you wouldn't have time to go back to town.' 'His lordship? Whom do you mean?' 'It was Lord Glamorgan, sir, that gave me the letter.' 'Ah that explains it,' exclaimed Dick. 'But how did Lord Glamorgan or you know where I had gone?' 'His lordship sent me to your house, sir; and they sent me to No. 23 Bedford square.' 'And they told you there?' 'Yes, sir; they said you'd gone off after a wagon on the road to Guildford.' 'Very well,' said Dick; 'now you had better go and bait your horse. Come to me in the parlor when you're ready to go back, and I'll give you an answer for Lord Glamorgan.'

Half an hour afterward the man knocked at the door of the room where Dick was writing his thanks to his patron for this second piece of cruel kindness. He handed them to the messenger with a liberal pourboire, and rang the bell to make arrangements for continuing his own journey. While he was talking to the host a clatter of hoofs was heard outside the window. 'There goes my man,' thought Dick; 'he's a hot rider, it seems. I wish to heaven he had broken his neck on the way here.'

CHAPTER X.

DICK HAD A LONG and hurried journey before him, and he made preparations accordingly. For starting in good time on the following morning he also tried once more to find out from the driver of the wagon where the De Montauts' baggage was to be delivered; but the man, though assured that Dick himself had no longer the time to follow him, stoutly refused to give any further answer, and by daybreak next morning he had disappeared, wagon and all, without giving any one a clue to his destination.

The sun was setting as Dick left Heston for the last stage of his journey. When he came in sight of Mount's Bay there was but one golden bar left in the western sky. Gradually this too faded, and a gray, misty twilight began to creep over the bay. St. Michael's Mount loomed in sight, weird as the enchanted castles of fairyland. In the highest turret glimmered a single light, making the mist more drear and the silence yet more desolate.

The opposite shore was wrapped in darkness, but on the broad water between twinkled here and there tiny restless sparks that Dick knew for the lanterns of the ships at anchor. One of them doubtless was the fate that he must follow. Will-o'-the-wisp or guiding-star, there it glimmered among the rest, with the dim, shimmering light around and the fathomless sea beneath. A mile or two more, and they came rattling into the streets of Penzance, and Dick arose from his reverie. He inquired for the Speedwell, and found that she was lying out toward Newlyn, and was to sail at daybreak. Her captain had been ashore that afternoon, looking out for a passenger who had been expected by the coach an hour before. Dick engaged a boat and ordered supper at once; by 10 o'clock he was alongside the brig, and half an hour later fast asleep in his berth, forgetting for-

board, all the passengers having gone ashore for the day, and half the crew being away in search of water.

"I hear," said Dick, "that you're some passengers for us. Who are they?"

"Madame Schuitz and M. Frochard," replied the captain. "They're Swiss colonists for Ascension—brother and sister; and there's a Spanish seaman, named Gildez, who's working out his passage to the Cape."

"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Dick. "I had hoped for one or two fellow-countrymen to talk to. We're dreadfully dull on the brig."

"Oh!" said the captain of the Hamilton, laughing, "you'll be lively enough now. Frochard is a first-rate fellow for stories, and speaks English capably; and his sister's a real beauty, if only she wouldn't keep to herself so much."

"The boats were now seen putting off from the shore. When they came near to the ships one of them left the rest and steered for the Speedwell. 'There go your passengers,' said the captain to Dick. 'They said good-by to me before leaving this morning, and now all that remains is for you to take their baggage over in your boat, if you'll be so good.'

"Certainly," replied Dick; "I'm ready as soon as it is loaded." "Avast there!" said the captain; "we're not so inhospitable as that. You must stay and meet the rest of our company at supper."

The remainder of the passengers were just coming on board. Estcourt was introduced to them all in turn, and they sat down to supper soon afterward. They were a very uninteresting lot, chiefly Portuguese and English men of business, voyaging for mercantile houses with a South American connection. But the crowded table, the hum of conversation, and the continual laughter were a change to Dick, and he delayed his departure till the last moment.

When he returned to his own ship he found that his new companions had already gone to their cabins. Their baggage was carried down to them, and finding that they were not likely to appear again that night Dick soon afterward turned in himself. He was already drowsy, when he became slowly conscious that he was listening to a noise which seemed to have been going on for an indefinite length of time.

It was the sound of two voices, whether far off or near he could not tell; but the other seemed still like a voice in a dream, utterly remote from the real world, and yet in a way even more real to him than that which preceded and followed it. Over and over again he thought himself on the point of remembrance, but he never quite reached it, and in a short time the bland, soothing tones overcame him like a spell, and he fell into a dreamless sleep.

When he awoke next morning the mysterious noises of the night had passed entirely from his recollection. He hastened on deck, and found that he was the first to arrive there. It was a fresh, breezy morning, and the brig was cutting the waves gallantly as she went southward in long tacks. Four or five miles away to starboard the Hamilton was winging her way to the westward, the courses of the two vessels diverging more and more with every minute. The islands lay like tiny clouds upon the horizon behind them, and the long, low coast-line of Africa was visible to leeward under a rainy sky.

Slender Suicide.

A Paris working shoemaker named Chapeau committed suicide on July 23 for an extraordinary reason. He was found dead in his room, suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove. On the table was found a letter, in which he said: "For ten years past I have been saving up to buy a really pretty china table service, which has cost me 115 francs. I had promised to inaugurate it by a dinner to my numerous friends in the neighborhood; but, as I have not the means of providing a good feed I have resolved to die. In order that my friends might not be wholly losers, however, I desire that the service may be distributed as here set down." Then follows a list of the friends among whom he wished the different parts to be divided.

Chester's Climbing Esk.

Quite a novel sight was seen at Jennings' lower factory in Chester Saturday, writes the piscatorial editor of the New York Sun. A large number of eels about three inches long were seen climbing up the perpendicular sides of the wooden flume with apparent ease. A little moisture assisted their speed, but when it was perfectly dry their movements were but slightly impeded.—Ex.

Where Does the Cash Go?

Several millions of dollars pass into the hands of the bookmakers during the racing season in this country. Of course, some of it comes back to the bettors, but as few who bet come out ahead at the end of the season, and the bookmakers constantly complain that they are losing money, it would be interesting to know where all the cash goes to.

American Only.

Museum Manager—I understand you are really a Canadian. Zulu Chief—That is true. Museum Manager—Well, you've got your nerve to come here asking for a job in the present state of sentiment as to foreign labor.—Detroit Tribune.